

I'm Ready

Buddy Guy

Stoned on the stoop, got the box pumpin' Billy Joel
I'm Mickey Mantle while you motherfuckers semi-pro
Neck to colon how a slice from the machete go
Shoot your gun and throw confetti 'cause I'm ready ho!
Look in my eyes, you can tell that I'm a stand-up
Call me the teacher, wanna talk just put your hands up
We eat the lamb, duck, goose, beef or chicken
Two seater shiftin' with the smooth Cedar Strippin'
My facial hair is light red just like a ball of fire
Golden sound, blow the town, 'lo attire
Brown haze leather swampy like the Everglades
I'll switch a style so that I'm ready when the era change
First pressed virgin oil from the Greek Border
Spit the shit that have me laid up with the sheik's daughter
Three quarter on the Bally jacket to the knee
Lights flashin' when I'm rappin', tappin' tree
That smoke lingers son it shine through the curtain
Cracked pepper motherfucker I'mma grinder for certain
So never in your life come with scared business here
Fuck around never found bitch, disappearTime after time I'm a winner
Seasoned in the barrel, harvest in the winter
Far from a beginner, keep an extra cartridge in the denim
Twisted off of Manischewitz, Harlem in a rental
The hash tanner than Connie, gorgeous
360 is the ways and the caesar's huggin' knotty flosses
Never stop until we hoppin out of grimey Porsches
One night shorty needin' over 9 abortions
I'm the whole shit, one you wanna roll with
When in canoe waving the ganja like a glow stick
Number one, numero uno with the flow shit
Your style is tired and limp just like an old dick
BitchRoman sculptures, all of my students hold a diploma
Stairs to the bath, garage door, behold the Lotus
Finest tuna right out the sea straight off the boat this
Hurricane rap spit tap low, rock a toga
Bronsonelli chef de cuisine I flex the two seam
Inject the vein with marijuana I'm a true fiend
Up-to-the-minute, all the weapons we invented
That's hidden inside the rented, the window tinted ten the percentage

Sacrificin' the lamb for the nutrition
"Criminology 101" hard cover, newest edition
Nuclear fission is heavy weighty top the division
Lots of provisions colossal status stoppin' collisions
Too beaucoup, fresher than a lake trout
Barbecue the venison, pair it with a great stout
Peace I'm out kid, a motherfucker pace out
Every time I take that motherfuckin' weapon from my waist out

Songwriters

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DEREK

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